Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eie,
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eie-bals rolle with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruitleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the Louers wend
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee apply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* boy;
And then I will her charmed eie releaſe
From monſters view, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For night ſwift Dragons cut the Clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger;
At whoſe approch, Ghoſts wandring heere and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe waies and flouds haue buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelues exile from light,
And muſt for aie conſort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made ſport,
And like a Forreſter, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Eaſterne gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding haſte, make no delay,
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.

Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp & downe: I am ſeard in field and towne. *Goblin*, lead them vp and downe: here comes one. *Enter Lyſander.*

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius?* Speak thou now.

Rob. Here villaine, drawne and ready. Where art thou?

Lyſ.

Lyſ. I will be with thee
Rob. Follow me then to
Enter Demet
Deme. Lyſander, ſpeake a
Thou runaway, thou cowa
Speake in ſome buſh. Whe
Rob. Thou coward, art t
Telling the buſhes that th
And wilt not come? Com
Ile whip thee with a rod. H
That drawes a ſword on th
Deme. Yea, art thou ther
Ro. Follow my voice, wee
Lyſ. He goes before me
When I come where he cal
The villaine is much lighte
I followed faſt, but faſter h
That fallen am I in darke v
And here will reſt me. Com
For if but once thou ſhew
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reu
Robin and Dem
Rob. Ho, ho, ho; cowar
Deme. Abide me, if thou
Thou runſt before me, ſhift
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor lo
Where art thou?
Rob. Come hither, I am h
De. Nay then thou mock
If euer I thy face by day-lig
Now goe thy way: faintne
To meaſure out my length
By daies approch looke to
Enter Hel
Hel. O weary night, ô lo